

# FORD TIMES



APRIL 1981

*An Interview  
With Bill Rodgers*

**America's Best  
Long Distance  
Runner**



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30

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# FORD TIMES

*The Ford Owner's Magazine*

April 1981, Vol. 73, No. 4

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Published monthly

and © 1981 by

Ford Motor

Company. All

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Printed in U.S.A.

Send address changes

(with back cover label)

to *Ford Times*

Circulation Department,

and editorial

submissions to *Ford*

*Times* Editorial

Department, P.O. Box

1509-B, Dearborn,

Michigan 48121.

Editorial submissions

must be accompanied

by self-addressed,

stamped return

envelopes.

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**Cover:** Bill Rodgers will be running for his fifth win in the Boston Marathon April 20. Hal Higdon, himself a runner as well as a writer for *The Runner* magazine, interviews Rodgers exclusively for *Ford Times*. The story begins on page 7. Photo by Janeart, Ltd., New York.





# *With Novice Patriots in Washington*

Chaperoning a sixth grade class on a tour of our nation's capital can reveal a lot about the depth of your affection for America

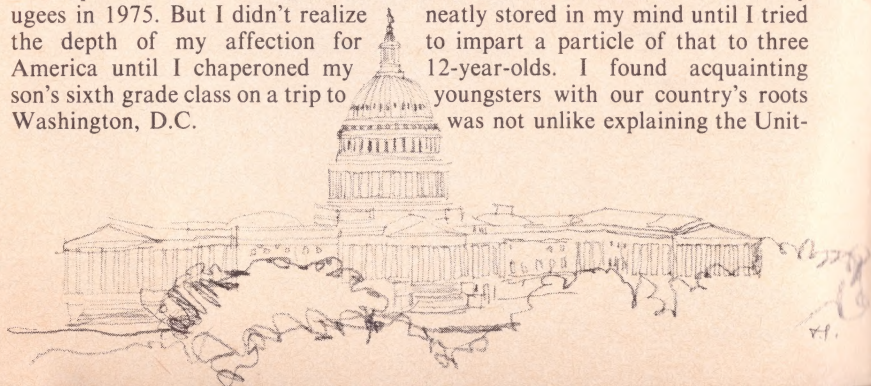
by Glenda L. Taylor

THERE'S NOTHING like a four-day traipse of our nation's capital to stir up one's red, white and blue corpuscles. And to discover it afresh through very young eyes is surprising, exasperating, and a little like falling in love.

I had long ago learned about the historical figures of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson and others who have earned their way into our textbooks. And I had developed a deep appreciation for the freedom and opportunities our homeland offers when my husband and I sponsored some Vietnamese refugees in 1975. But I didn't realize the depth of my affection for America until I chaperoned my son's sixth grade class on a trip to Washington, D.C.

As one of 40 chaperons my share of 120 students was three boys. It seemed simple enough — three eager minds ready to absorb everything a patriotic pilgrimage had to offer. In truth it was one finicky eater, one who suffered from car sickness (or, in our case, bus sickness), and one laggard who was usually several paces behind. It was three pairs of feet going in three different directions at once. "Stay together so you don't get lost" began to sound like my theme song.

I thought I possessed a good perspective of citizenship and an appreciable account of United States history neatly stored in my mind until I tried to impart a particle of that to three 12-year-olds. I found acquainting youngsters with our country's roots was not unlike explaining the Unit-

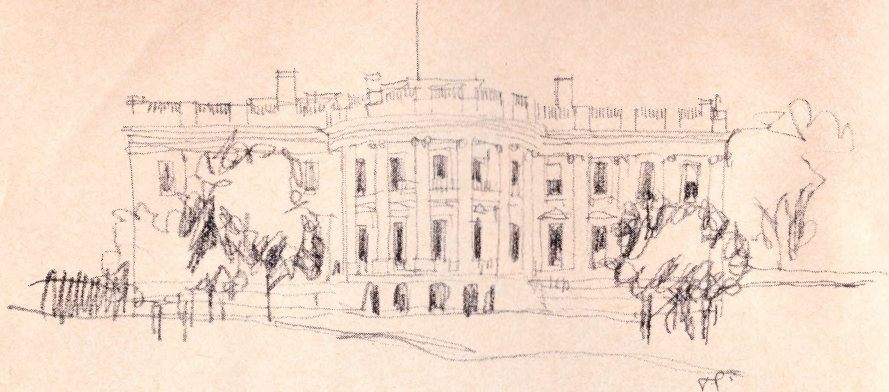






*illustrations by Thomas Sgouros*





ed States to a visiting stranger from another country — or another planet.

Our agenda listed a concert by the U.S. Navy Band, and this had one of my boys pondering.

"Is the U.S. Navy Band a rock group?" he asked.

"No."

"Are they going to be playing some dumb old Bach stuff?"

The boys were full of questions, but I wasn't always full of answers. I had to plead ignorance when one of my astute charges questioned why the wax museum portrayed Booth leaping from the presidential box at Ford's Theatre with a dagger in his hand.

"If President Lincoln was shot," he wanted to know, "how did Booth do it with a knife?"

And just why *do* they have to guard the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier when "it's just a dead body, and nobody knows who it is anyway"? Our rich heritage was beginning to blur a little.

Occasionally they by-passed me and consulted someone in the know. At the conclusion of the White House tour a guide asked if there were any questions. One of my group wanted to

know where the TV was.

"The president doesn't need to watch the news on TV," he replied, "because he makes the news."

I felt better. I was sure I could have supplied a better answer than that. I wondered how well he would have fared with the one about the Unknown Soldier.

I enjoyed being an observer when they sought answers from each other. We were ushered en masse through the corridors of the White House where guards were positioned at various turns to assure a smooth flow of traffic and to discourage wandering into the roped-off areas.

One guard was engaged in an obviously personal conversation with a colleague as our slow-moving line wound past him and up some stairs. Their tête-à-tête ended, and as they parted one turned back and said, "Well, as they say, you can lead a horse to water . . ."

"What did he mean by that?" came a loud whisper near me.

"Oh, that's probably some CIA secret code talk," informed his friend.

They appeared happy with their deduction; and, for my part, I barely



managed to suppress an urge to giggle all the way through the Green Room, the Blue Room and the Red Room.

The laugh was at my expense, however, when we were given a day to tour the buildings of the Smithsonian Institution. As we were discharged from the bus we were told where to meet for lunch and where to find various buildings. Another chaperon and I joined forces in the hope that we could keep each other from getting lost. Her students were girls.

We decided our first stop would be the National Air and Space Museum where many of the marvels of flight, from the Wright brothers' humble beginnings to present-day space capsules, might spark their interest. Their attention span, on this third day of sightseeing, wasn't stretching much beyond too little sleep and aching feet.

After following some sketchy directions we entered an impressive building. An escalator was the first thing they spied, and by the time we caught them, the children had ridden to the third floor.

At this point we discovered we were in an art building with this, the top floor, devoted to paintings of nudes. The girls pointed, giggled and blushed; one of the boys expressed his embarrassment with, "This is disgusting!"

With a red face I approached a museum guard and modestly explained we were looking for airplanes.

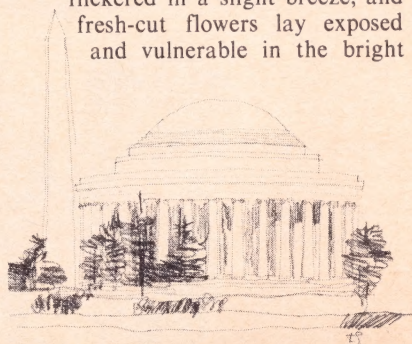
After lunch we herded our little group into the National Museum of Natural History. They stared obediently, but blankly, as we directed their

attention to the amazing collection, ranging from dinosaur bones to precious gems to bits of moon rock.

I couldn't understand their lack of enthusiasm. Maybe they were too young to absorb so much at once. I consoled myself with the thought that perhaps someday they would gaze at the moon and marvel at the fact that tiny pieces of its surface had once lain within their reach.

The sparkle returned to their eyes, however, and each face burst into a smile when we stopped at the ice cream stand during our walk back to meet the bus. A frozen red, white and blue concoction on a stick got their undivided attention while the exotic Hope Diamond had barely drawn a glance. I sent a questioning look toward my co-chaperon, and she shrugged her shoulders in resignation. Then we hurried off to catch our bus. Our feet hurt, too.

We shared a solemn moment when we stood quietly together at the grave of President Kennedy. The flame flickered in a slight breeze, and fresh-cut flowers lay exposed and vulnerable in the bright





sun. Thick grass grew along the edges of the stone walk, and a few vines were attempting to inch their way onto the rock. Everything looked older than I had expected it to. The tragedy of his death had been felt so deeply that it seemed still new to me.

"How did he die?"

In amazement I looked at the upturned face. He really didn't know. On that unforgettable, emotional day when our young president was killed, this boy hadn't been born yet.

The U.S. Navy Band concert was held at the foot of the Capitol. Seated upon the steps, we could view the reflecting pool and the Washington Monument in the distance. The day was slowly fading, and above us the flag waved majestically from its position atop the floodlit Capitol dome. An occasional vapor trail could be seen in the twilight sky. Beautiful, peaceful, relaxing — the setting was

all of these, and the music was superb (not one bit of "dumb old Bach").

A man near us kept steady time with his foot to the refrains of *Stars and Stripes Forever*. His enraptured face, with dark slanted eyes, suggested ancestral roots that were sunk deep in foreign soil.

The music spun visions of "amber waves of grain" and "purple mountain majesty." None seemed to be embarrassed by their goosebumps or the country-proud lump in their throat. Patriotism blossomed.

My three novice patriots sat still as they were caught up in the magic of the moment. With a little aging they may someday thrill to *America the Beautiful* as much as to their favorite selection of the evening — the theme from *Star Wars*.

Someday they may even write some American history of their own. □







*An Interview With Bill Rodgers*

## **America's Best Long Distance Runner**

**by Hal Higdon**

*photos by Janeart, Ltd., New York*

He stands 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs only 128 pounds, yet was featured barechested on the cover of a national magazine with this caption: "The Perfect Running Body." He preaches a fitness life style, yet has an affinity for junk food. He dresses casually, almost scruffily, yet has a six-figure income from ownership of businesses bearing his name. He has a docile, puppy-dog air about him, and once collected butterflies, yet as an athlete is fiercely competitive.

He is Bill Rodgers, America's best long distance runner. During a five-year period beginning with his first victory in the 1975 Boston Marathon, this resident of Sherborn, Massachusetts, entered 20 marathons and won 13 of them, a remarkable record for consistency. The 33-year-old Rodgers has won the prestigious Boston and New York City marathons four times each, Fukuoka in Japan once, and might have won an Olympic gold medal had the United States competed in Moscow. *Ford Times* recently asked Hal Higdon, senior writer for *The Runner* and a top-notch distance runner himself, to talk to Rodgers about his running life style.

*Q. Bill, the story goes that you were a bum, smoking cigarettes, drinking gin and vodka, and all of a sudden your motorcycle got stolen, your leather jacket with it, and you had to start running. Is that true?*

A. I wasn't a total bum, because I had a job as an orderly at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. But I did have my motorcycle stolen in Boston, along with







two 10-speeds, which forced me to take the subway to and from work, or walk. I always put things off to the end, so if I had to wait for the subway I'd be late. I started running to work partly to keep my job. I was smoking cigarettes, but had competed in college track with moderate success several years before. I had deteriorated physically and wasn't happy about it. I did have a leather jacket, but it wasn't black leather; it was a beautiful reddish-brown leather jacket, a luxury item I bought real cheap on Cape Cod. I sold it to Bobby Hodge (another marathoner), who still has it. It was a \$125 jacket and I sold it to him for \$75 because I needed the money. I was in poverty then.

*Q. I suppose a lot of people look at your 140-mile-a-week training schedule and have a hard time relating to it when they can barely jog one mile, if that. How do you talk to these people?*

A. I tell them it's just a matter of training. Or practice. Whether you're a pianist, a carpenter or a bartender, it takes practice. If a person has been inactive, particularly if he's overweight, the main thing would be to be checked by a doctor. The best approach then is to join some club, whether at work or a nearby YMCA or a health club, where they offer a lot of sports. Everybody has some skills, whether flexibility or strength or speed or just determination, but lots of people have terrible self-images about their bodies. They think that because they can't play football, basketball or baseball, they're failures. But maybe they can become a good cross-country skier or tennis player or swimmer, and that's where it's at for them.

*Q. How should a person begin to jog?*

A. I'd suggest beginning with a program of combined walking and running. For example, the first week try walking 50 or 100 yards, jogging very slowly the same distance. Everyone will be different, and it depends on your motivation, time and talent, but you could get in 15 to 30 minutes' worth of exercise that way for a couple of weeks. Then gradually build up. The best approach is to do it with a friend who's at the same level of fitness, and make it fun. Maybe afterwards have dinner or go to a movie together.

*Q. What about yourself? I know you started back into running after a two-year layoff by jogging around a track at the YMCA. Did you have any idea at that point of even running the Boston Marathon, much less winning it?*

A. Boston did become one of my goals — just to run in it. But initially my goal was just to start running again, to get fit, and to feel good again, physically. I wanted that feeling back again. When I was in high school, believe it or not, I used to enjoy doing pushups in gym class, just to see how many I could do. It gave me a feeling of power, of personal achievement, and I missed that. So at

the Y, I was using rowing machines and doing calisthenics and I'd run three or four miles on the indoor track. I was just a jogger, but I loved it. A lot of people unfortunately have a tough time fitting physical fitness into their work schedule. Many jobs are tough and boring. I have a friend who works for a manufacturing company. He's a die-hard runner, about 40 years old. They always give him a tough time when he runs on his lunch hour. His supervisor gets on him. He's a conscientious worker, not a goof-off, but if he's late a couple of minutes, that's it. They have to realize that this guy has been at this company for 20 years, is fit as hell, and is a better worker for it. Management should provide time for their employees, offer maybe longer lunch hours, lockers and showers, employee programs, maybe exercise rooms. It shouldn't be just for the executives, but all employees. The fitter you are, the more productive you are. It would cut down on absenteeism. I would guess that most of the people in management know this already, but it's very hard to implement.

*Q. When somebody starts running, at first he just does it. Sooner or later he needs to think about proper equipment. Much of your income comes from selling shorts, tops and rain suits, but I think you'd agree that the most important item is shoes.*

A. No question. The major brands of shoes are similar, but I recommend that people go to a runner's specialty shop, staffed by runners who run in the shoes they sell and who therefore know more about their features than someone who is only a clerk in a department store. If you select a shoe made by a major company whose product has a reputation for both quality and durability, it lessens your chance of injury.

*Q. What about racing? Sooner or later the jogger begins to eye the many long distance running events now available, even catches marathon fever. What do you say to him — or, increasingly, her?*

A. My own feeling is that fun races, short distance events up to 10,000 meters, are fine for someone with less than a year's running under his belt. But I generally recommend a longer period of time before racing the marathon. At least a year, and I think it's smarter to wait longer. Start by running low-key, community races at short distances. Be careful. Don't race in extremely hot weather. Don't worry about time; just try to finish. Pace yourself in your first race as though it were a training run. Get a feeling of what racing is like before getting serious.

*Q. And when the jogger does move up to the marathon? What do you recommend for someone who has been doing a year of casual training and wants to race the classic 26-mile-385-yard distance?*





A. That person needs a period of time when he or she has done 50 miles or more a week for at least several months. The more training you can do, the easier your first marathon will be. It's an extremely tough distance; it's a long way. Adequate preparation also includes a long run of anywhere from 15 to 18 miles once a week for at least a couple of months. And race some medium distances between 10 and 20 miles, not in the last two weeks before the marathon, but in the last couple of months. Then a period of cutting down your mileage a week before the race — not eliminating it, but cutting it in half. Finally, use common sense and start at a slower pace than you think you can run. Just plan to finish. If you're feeling good, you can always pick up the pace in the last half dozen miles. As I've said, it's a long race.

*Q. On April 20, you'll be going for your fifth win in the Boston Marathon. Most people would assume that it's your favorite race. Is it?*

A. I suppose so, for a variety of reasons. The crowds are great, the competition's intense, and it's near home. But there are other races I like a lot. One of my favorites is a little race in Dublin, Georgia, because I get to go arrowhead hunting afterwards, which I really enjoy. I'm not a fanatic about collecting arrowheads, but it's a pleasant diversion. And there's a race out in Scottsdale,



Arizona, I like, not because of the race itself, but because of the activities surrounding it. I like the desert and being out there in the winter when it's cold back home.

*Q. You have a reputation for subsisting on a diet of pizza, mayonnaise and beer. True or false?*

A. Both, I guess. I confess to freaking out on junk food, but there's a lot of nutrition in pizza pie. You also have to consider that in training 140 miles a week, I burn perhaps 14,000 more calories than the average sedentary individual, so I can afford a few dietary indiscretions. Last year *The Runner* asked me to keep a diary of what I ate the week before the Falmouth road race, and the list included Spanish olives, chocolate cookies, ice cream, potato chips and gobs of mayonnaise, which I love. But there were also salads, seafood, cottage cheese, vegetables, fresh fruit, and bread. Sometimes I'll have a midnight snack that includes low-fat milk. My diet may be unusual, but it's not unique among runners who need a lot of energy, particularly from carbohydrates, for daily workouts. If I did not have a reasonably well-balanced diet, I probably would not be able to perform as well as I do.

*Q. What goes through your mind when you're running?*

A. In races, I'm watching my time splits. I'm looking for water at the water stops. Most important, I'm watching the competition and judging my own physical and psychological condition throughout the whole race. In training, it's really anything: talking about this or that, politics, business, anything under the sun.

*Q. Do you do a lot of training with others?*

A. I train with other runners probably about 80 percent of the time. Running is not the loneliness of the long distance runner you hear about. It's a social sport. But sometimes you do like to be alone and it does have a nice time-out effect. I run either in Sherborn near my new house or at my store near Cleveland Circle, 22 miles on the Boston Marathon course. A lot of top runners run from our store — Greg Meyer, Randy Thomas, Vinnie Fleming, Patti Lyons-Catalano — so I can train with them. People seem surprised when I tell them I sometimes train with women, but Patti has done 2:29 for the marathon. We can't train together all the time, because she couldn't stay with me, but women have just begun to realize their potential. Running with other people is of the utmost importance. If you run alone, you may get bored, and if you run the same course every day it can be very boring, too. You may end up quitting the sport, but if it's fun you'll continue to make it part of your life style. □

# Waiting for Goats

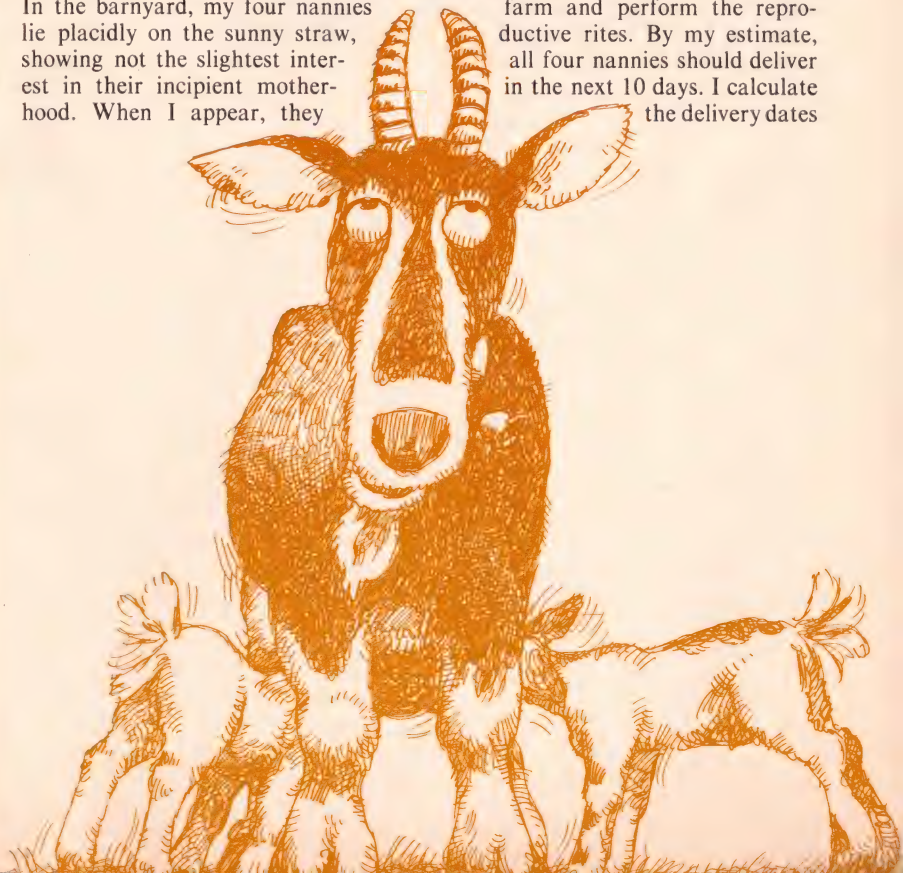
by Carolyn Jabs

illustrations by Bruce Bond

FOR THE FOURTH TIME today, I trudge out to the barn to check on the goats. The dogs and I slosh through the slush on the driveway, creak open the barn door and sniff the earthy smells reawakened by warm weather. In the barnyard, my four nannies lie placidly on the sunny straw, showing not the slightest interest in their incipient motherhood. When I appear, they

clamber to their feet and gather around me, raising warm goat noses to my face.

According to my calendar, it is exactly 150 days since I invited Jack, a strapping brown buck, to visit the farm and perform the reproductive rites. By my estimate, all four nannies should deliver in the next 10 days. I calculate the delivery dates





from the day each nanny missed a meal. When I went to look for the absent goat, I always found her standing in Jack's pen with a thoughtful expression on her face. I admit the imprecision of my methods, but all the goats are bulging in the right places. Their udders are swelling with milk. Now we are waiting.

Four years ago, when I lived in a city, I never imagined that I would be waiting for goats. Those days, I waited for buses, elevators and weekends. I waited in checkout lines at the department store. I waited in line for movies. I did a lot of waiting in the city.

Here in the country, we wait, too — mostly for spring. The winters in our part of the world are long, colorless and cold. But we wait through them so we can have the fragile pleasures of their ending — an almost forgotten bird song ringing out unexpectedly, the musky smell of earth thawing, the langorous lengthening of days and, of course, the birth of baby goats.

It's time for another trip to the barn. This time all the goats get up to greet me except Natasha. She is the oldest of my little herd, a chocolate brown matriarch who has her crotchets and her dignity. This afternoon, her eyes are fixed on some distant landscape I can't see. And her sides are heaving like a hayfield in a summer storm. I lead her gently into the maternity pen in the barn, barely able to contain my excitement. Natasha looks straight ahead. Usually when I



scratch her under her chin, she pulls back her upper lip in a giddy goat grin. Today, she ignores me, her attention fixed on distant geography.

I am a distraction. Knowing that, I go indoors, trying to occupy myself with other chores. There are certainly plenty of them this time of year. The stovepipe from the woodstove needs sweeping. The root cellar needs to be cleaned and aired. The garden needs to be planned and planted. But I can't do any of it. I'm still waiting with Natasha. When I can't stand it any longer, I squish back out to the barn. Nothing is happening. Natasha stands



in the corner of the pen, chewing absently on the hay I left her. She is still waiting. I wait with her for a while, then go back indoors to wait alone.

To pass the time, I look again at my midwife manuals with their astonishing pictures of little goats inside bigger goats. "Pen the animal and let her alone," says one manual sternly. "Give her every chance to kid without assistance." Heaven knows I'm trying, but every hour or so I find myself back in the barn, hanging around the pen. Waiting.

I make my last visit just after the 11 o'clock news. Natasha is still standing in the corner of the pen, but now she is chomping fiercely on her cud. Either she is feeling the first twinges of labor or she, too, is getting impatient. I stroke her sides as though I could speed her delivery with sympathetic magic. Then I go indoors to sleep. All night, I dream of tiny goats, waiting on the opposite side of some faraway pasture.

In the morning, the pressure of sunshine on the quilt awakens me. I throw on my clothes and rush to the barn. As soon as I step through the door, I can smell the change. Mingled with the scent of last summer's hay and molasses-laced feed is that newborn smell of tiny animals, mother's milk, spring!

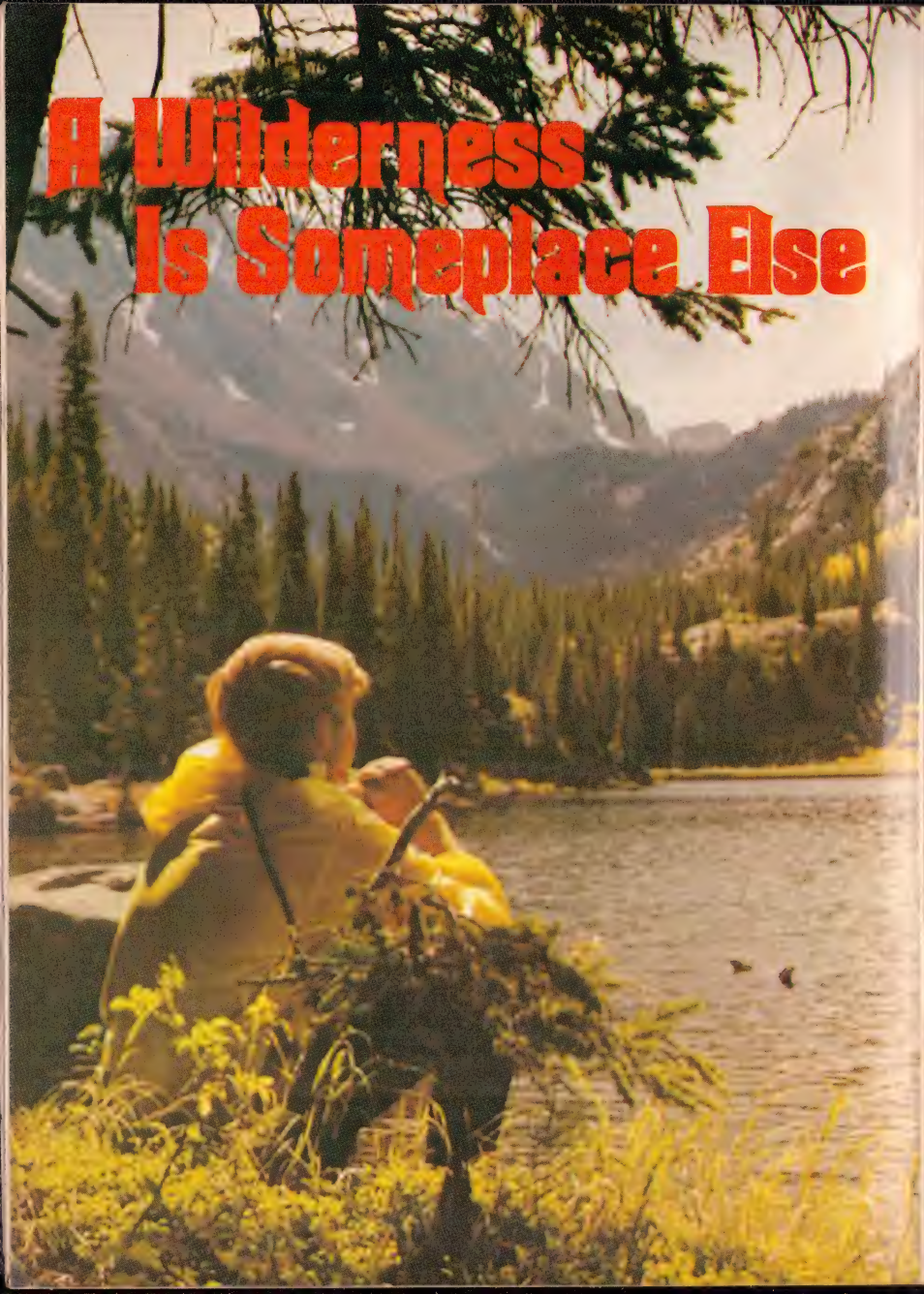
Natasha is standing proudly in the center of her pen with two miniature new goats, their faces pressed underneath her, their tails wagging gleefully in the air. She's already cleaned them off, fluffed them up and gotten

them on their feet and eating. I go inside the pen to take a closer look. The kids are smaller than I remembered, their bodies no bigger than rabbits'. One takes a tottering step toward me and collapses in a confusion of legs. Natasha patiently pokes and prods with her nose until the youngster rearranges its limbs, hoists its body into the air and staggers toward her udder. I watch a little longer, then leave them to their meal, feeling ecstatic and unnecessary.

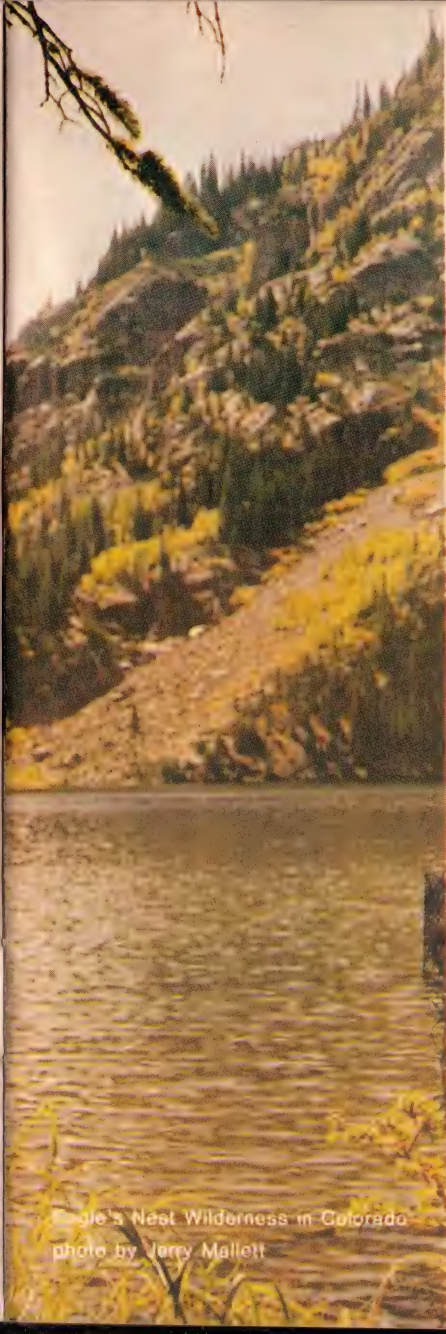
To relieve the pressure of my happiness, I step outside into a symphony of birds. Overhead a wedge of geese is flying north. Under my feet, the snow is receding, leaving ragged edges where it meets the mud. In the barnyard, three more nannies are waiting to have kids of their own. But, for me, the waiting is over. Spring is here. Her signature is in the sky, on the ground and in Natasha's pen. I take a deep, resurrecting breath and go back into the barn to do the morning chores. □



# A Wilderness Is Somewhere Else







"...a place where mountains tower, trees grow tall, meadows scintillate with wild flowers, streams run fast and clear, lakes are deep and stocked, and a singing kind of silence soothes the ear"

by Mary R. Zimmer

O MAR KHAYYAM had the word for it — that strange restlessness that seizes camping buffs when the first warmth of spring stirs thoughts of another vacation:

*Now the New Year reviving old Desires,*

*The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires . . .*

"This year let's go someplace else," their thinking runs. The unspoken longing is for somewhere that isn't crowded, or even a spot all to themselves: a place where mountains tower, trees grow tall, meadows scintillate with wild flowers, streams run fast and clear, lakes are deep and stocked, and a singing kind of silence soothes the ear.

There are such places. In fact, there are 212 of them in the 48 contiguous states, spread over 39 states and totaling more than 23 million acres. They are the units of the National Wilderness Preservation System. Eighty-five percent of this acreage is in the national forests and is administered by the Forest Service of the U.S. Department of Agriculture; the rest is under the jurisdiction of the National

Engle's Nest Wilderness in Colorado  
photo by Jerry Mallett

Park Service and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. There are also two wilderness areas in Hawaii (142,000 acres) and 43 in Alaska (56.5 million acres).

The smallest is the six-acre Pelican Island Wilderness in Florida; the largest — and one of the newest, having been designated by Congress only last December — is the 8.7-million-acre Wrangell-Saint Elias area in Alaska.

All are open to everybody — and, admission is free.

Within these tracts, wheels and motors are barred. There are trails, but no roads. The solitude-seeker must enter on foot, by horse or by canoe. A few have landing strips and are thus accessible by plane. Off-road vehicles are banned. There are no motels, resorts or ready-made campsites. Some wilderness areas have easy-going terrains requiring only average stamina, while others are too rugged for all but the most experienced backpackers and mountain climbers.

Wilderness camping is primitive. There are no tables or stoves, and few toilets or pumps for drinking water. (Some, however, have campgrounds just outside their boundaries, permitting short trips into the wilderness from a more comfortable base camp.) These vast, silent reaches are just about as pristine as they were before the first white man arrived; in the hope of keeping them that way campers are urged to observe the "No Trace Ethic" — which means leaving a campsite as undisturbed as it was when they found it. Solo excursions

are not recommended, and in some areas vacationers must register with the local forest ranger.

Wilderness areas have much in common — notably superb, unspoiled scenery, abundant wildlife, and vast empty spaces. But their greatest common element is their diversity. Consider these examples:

The 21,140 acres of the San Jacinto Wilderness contain some of the most spectacular scenery in southern California; part of this is wild country in which no evidence of previous habitation by man has been found. In Oregon, the Mount Hood Wilderness (46,520 acres) offers mountain climbing for novices, with guides, in summer, and for experienced climbers in winter. Washakie Wilderness in northwestern Wyoming (686,584 acres) attracts both trail riders in summer and big game hunters in fall.

Colorado's Maroon Bells-Snowmass Wilderness (174,060 acres) has long been a favorite for family excursions. Mountain sheep spend both winter and summer here, and most streams offer excellent fishing. Here, through the years, campers have created a warm-water swimming pool fed by a natural hot spring. But in general, the lakes and streams of wilderness areas are not conducive to swimming. It takes a very brave swimmer to venture into their icy melt-water.

East of the Rockies, 13,350-acre Shining Rock Wilderness in North Carolina takes its name from a steep outcropping of white quartz.

In Minnesota, the Boundary Waters



photo by Clifton R. Merritt



photo by Sally Ranney



photo by Jerry Mallett



Canoe Area Wilderness (792,510 acres) includes more than a thousand lakes — an acre of water for every five of its forested land. Controlled use of motors is permitted on some of the lakes.

With so much variety, there is a wilderness for everybody. How to find yours? It's easy, but Omar was right about the timing. "Now the New Year . . ." he wrote, though his year began in the spring, not in January. Wilderness vacations are best planned months in advance.

For inexperienced campers, the best bet is to join one of the packaged excursions sponsored by several non-profit organizations (page 21).

Top and bottom: Proposed Lee Metcalf Wilderness, Montana;  
Center: Shooting the rapids in Idaho's River of No Return Wilderness



Flat Tops Wilderness in Colorado

photo by Jerry Mallett

The American Forestry Association, for example, offers horseback trips that provide food, horses, pack animals, tents — whatever is needed. Guests bring only their personal gear. Wranglers handle the stock and pitch the tents; cooks prepare the meals that are waiting at the end of a day's ride. Rates this year will range from \$75 to \$85 per person per day.

The American Wilderness Alliance sponsors seven-day guided backpack trips including food and a crew of three (\$400 per person) as well as completely outfitted walking trips with pack animals (\$425) and 10-day horseback trips for \$625.

Among the many excursions sponsored by the Sierra Club are "Wilderness Threshold" vacations for families, who hike into a wilderness (maximum, eight miles) to a campsite

for which supplies are brought in by pack stock. From this base camp, which provides "a reasonable degree of comfort," they make side trips farther into the wilderness. Campers share the labor of operating the camp. Rates this year for seven-day trips will average about \$665 for parents and one child, plus \$185 for each additional child.

Another good source of information is a recent book, *Adventure Travel*, by Pat Dickerman, available for \$9.45 postpaid from Adventure Guides, 36 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022.

Campers who prefer to organize their own outings can obtain information by writing to the Forest Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, P.O. Box 2417, Washington, D.C. 20013, or by contacting regional foresters



or forest supervisors. Descriptive brochures are free; for maps there is a small charge. For information about other wilderness areas, write to the Fish and Wildlife Service and the National Park Service, both at the U.S. Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C. 20240.

The cost of on-your-own excursions depends on how much you want to exert yourself. Walk in with a pack on your back and your expenses are only your own food and equipment. Or you can arrange for pack animals to carry your baggage for about \$45 per person per day. A third choice is to have an outfitter carry your baggage into a wilderness area, help set up your camp and then leave, to return on an agreed-upon date to pack you out, for about \$45 per person for each travel day. Completely outfitted, escorted horseback trips run about \$100 per person per day. Guests at dude ranches generally pay less per day for short trips of the same kind.

For a list of outfitters, write to "State Tourist Office, State Capitol" at the capital of the state that interests you. Such a query will find its way to the right department, although the names differ from state to state.

However you go, start planning early. The most popular of the pack-aged excursions are quickly booked, and the number of participants is limited to a manageable group. Outfitters have a limited number of pack animals and riding horses, so they must schedule their dude trips carefully. And in the very high mountains,

the "summer" — when it's possible to enter on foot or by horse — may last only a very few weeks. Old Omar had a word for this, too — a warning against procrastination:

*The Bird of Time has but a little way*

*To fly — and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.* □

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### Some Wilderness Trip Sponsors

#### American Forestry

Association, TR-1981  
1319 18th Street, N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20036  
(202) 467-5810  
*(Stamped, self-addressed envelope requested)*

American Wilderness Alliance  
4260 East Evans Avenue  
Denver, Colorado 80222  
(303) 758-5018

Sierra Club Outing  
Department  
530 Bush Street  
San Francisco, California  
94108  
(415) 981-8634

University of the Wilderness  
P.O. Box 1687  
Evergreen, Colorado 80439  
(303) 674-9724

Wilderness Southeast  
Route 3, Box 619 Whitfield  
Savannah, Georgia 31406  
(912) 355-8008

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by Ray Newman

# Out Front Where It Counts

*In Range, Up-front Design and Cargo Space*



E-150 Chateau Van

**D**O YOU KNOW how many Americans rely on Ford Econoline Vans to get them where they're going and to help them get the job done? Millions. Van fans recognize a good thing when they see it.

Econoline for 1981 certainly is a good thing. It's built tough, has un-

beaten gas mileage ratings and features Ford's exclusive engine-forward design.

Econoline can handle payloads of up to 2½ tons. Its body-on-frame construction, a first for van-type vehicles in the United States, provides a tough, rigid chassis. Deep, full-length side-



rails with five crossmembers form a sturdy backbone, and strategically placed rubber mounts help to isolate you and your load from road shocks and vibration. Up front, Ford's famous Twin-I-Beam suspension gives each wheel its own axle and big coil spring to step over bumps. And Econoline is covered by Ford's limited three-year, unlimited mileage corrosion perforation warranty.

For 1981, none of the competition can top Econoline's gas mileage ratings. The E-100/150 with standard 4.9-liter (300-CID) Six and optional four-speed manual transmission with overdrive has an EPA-estimated mpg of 19 and a highway estimate of 26. In addition, Econoline's estimated highway cruising range beats other vans by hundreds of miles.

Econoline is designed for plenty of move-around room. The forward, out-of-the-way location of the engine makes the driver's compartment very spacious. It's easy to move from the driver's seat to the load area or to step across to the passenger side. And the mini-hood and engine-forward design allow convenient servicing — under the hood.

In addition to the Econoline Cargo Van, Ford offers a Window Van with windows all the way around and a Display Van with windows in all of the doors plus a large window in the right-hand bodyside. For carrying extra-large loads there's the Super Van, which provides 20 inches more maximum cargo length than the long-wheelbase Regular Van. And Econo-

line Chassis models are available for RV conversions and commercial applications.

Econoline buyers have three trim levels from which to choose: Standard, Custom and Chateau. The Standard Econoline is the mainstay in thousands of important commercial, farm, personal and recreational applications all over the country. It comes equipped with halogen headlamps, two-speed electric windshield wipers with arm-mounted washer jets, painted 5- x 8-inch mirrors, argent bumpers and hubcaps, bright windshield molding and more.

Inside, standard features include a driver's full-foam contoured bucket seat in handsome ribbed vinyl, padded full-width instrument panel, dome lights, front compartment headlining and column-mounted ignition switch.

The next step up — Custom — provides bright hubcaps, bright taillight bezels and bright window moldings, plus color-keyed door trim panels, deluxe color-keyed seat belt, woodtone instrument panel appliqué, front area floor mats and more.

The Chateau Van is Ford's top-of-the-line van. Distinctive exterior features include chrome bumpers front and rear, Chateau emblems on front fenders, bright 5- x 8-inch mirrors, bright grille surround molding and bright lower bodyside molding that extends around the wheel lips and across the back doors. Notable standard appointments inside are cut-pile carpeting (front area), courtesy dome light switches on all doors, new door

trim panels, map pockets in each front door, right-hand visor vanity mirror and vinyl bucket seat with new sew style.

For a great way to travel in comfort and style, check out the optional Dual Captain's Chairs available with all trim levels (Cargo Vans only). These luxurious high-back chairs recline, swivel and have twin fold-down armrests (Quad Captain's Chairs also

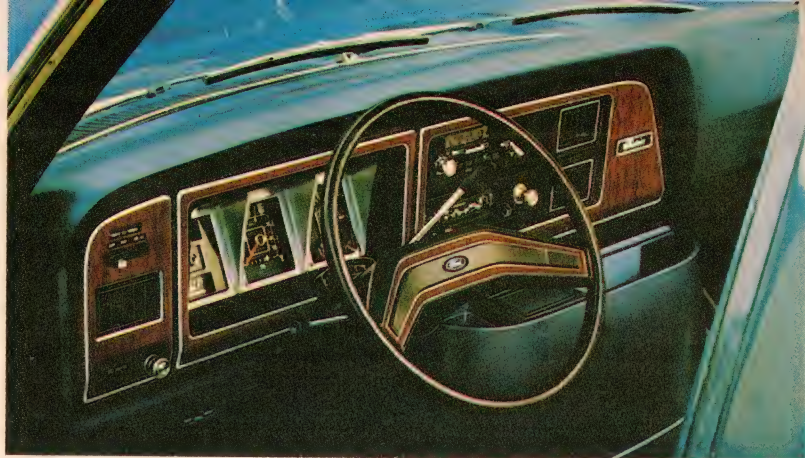
are available). Another seating option is a combination seat/bed that converts from a three-passenger rear seat into a large 62- x 72-inch bed in seconds.

The optional Fingertip Speed Control provides an easy way to stay within the speed limit and reduces the strain that can result from having to keep one foot on the accelerator during long trips. It can be engaged and



Optional Quad Captain's Chairs swivel and recline





Chateau Van's instrument panel



Under-the-hood service — a benefit of Econoline's mini-hood and engine-forward design

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### Unbeaten Van Mileage

26 Est.  
Hwy.\*

EPA  
Est.  
MPG\* 19

Std. 4.9L (300 CID) Six with opt. overdrive trans.

### Longest Estimated Range

1,043 Hwy.  
Miles\*

762 Est.  
Miles\*

Std. 22.1-gal. tank plus opt. 18-gal. aux. tank on 138" wb. Total: 40.1 gal.

\*Compare these estimates with others. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than estimated. California estimates lower. Range superiority may be due to larger gas tank size rather than better fuel economy.

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controlled without moving your hands from the steering wheel, and it includes a convenient "resume" button.

Other Econoline engines available — all V-8s — include a 5.0-liter (302-CID), 5.8-liter (351-CID), 6.6-liter (400-CID) and 7.5-liter (460-CID). Ford also offers a three-speed manual transmission and SelectShift Automatic. Consult your local dealer regarding the standard and optional engines and transmissions on specific vans.

Air conditioning choices include an instrument panel unit for the front-seat area or a high-capacity unit that combines the front unit with an auxiliary unit on the left sidewall to cool the entire van.

To meet various trailer-towing needs, Ford offers two optional pack-

ages. The Light-Duty Package — for trailers up to 2,000 pounds — provides extra cooling, wiring harness and heavy-duty turn signal flasher. The Heavy-Duty Package is for trailers up to 7,000 pounds; it consists of the Light-Duty Package's features, plus swing-out recreation mirrors, 60-amp alternator, 68-amp-hour battery, external oil cooler with SelectShift Automatic, dual horns, oil pressure gauge, ammeter and heavy-duty shocks (standard with E-350).

And don't overlook Ford Motor Company's optional Extended Service Plan. It covers certain selected components on new Econoline Vans for longer than the vehicle's basic warranty. The cost is so moderate for the protection you get that it could pay for itself the first time you need it. □

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Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional at extra

charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.





# A beautiful lawn was never so easy!

A Ford riding mower tractor is the easy way to a beautiful, well-groomed lawn. Choose from three models: 8-horsepower recoil start or 8 and 11-horsepower electric start. All three give you many convenience features, including foot-operated speed and mower controls.

The optional rear bagger uses a standard round trash container, and doesn't add to the mower's width. That means you can trim close on both sides of the mower.

Your Ford Tractor dealer offers a wide range of quality lawn care equipment. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Lawn Mowers."

Advertising Department (FT481)  
Ford Tractor Operations  
2500 E. Maple Road  
Troy, Michigan 48084

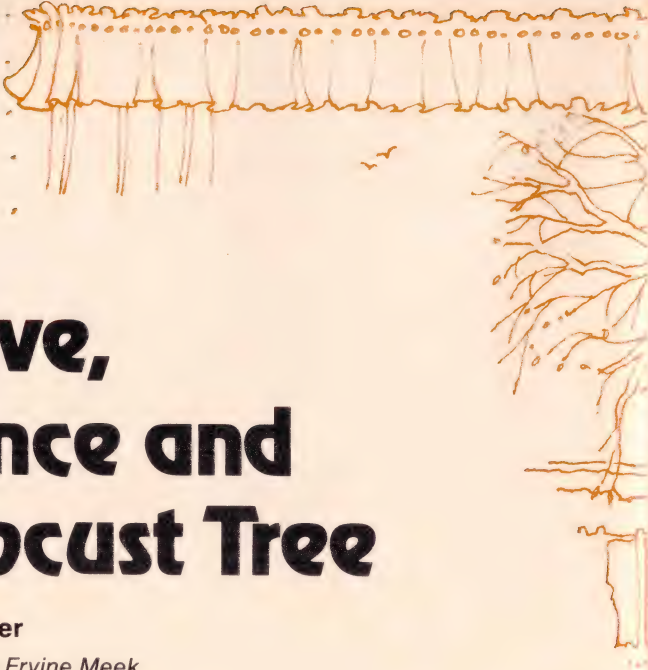
Send free literature:

- ☐ Rider Mower Tractors
- ☐ Lawn & Garden Tractors
- ☐ L&G Tractor Attachments
- ☐ Walk-Behind Rotary Mowers
- ☐ Walk-Behind Rotary Tillers

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



# Of Love, Patience and the Locust Tree

by Catherine Bauer

*illustrations by Linda Ervine Meek*

A TREE GROWS just west of the house. It's a special kind of locust, really rare.

The woman who lived here before us had a passion for horticulture, and she planted unusual shrubs and trees all over two-thirds of an acre. A good many seem vulnerable to the ravages of bugs and diseases. They're fragile and supersensitive, and I sometimes wonder if they're worth the special attention they require.

But when the locust leaves began to curl, I felt a sadness and a need to act quickly. The tall and graceful tree that I view from the window above the

sink clocks my seasons and harbors birds on their way to the feeder.

Besides, I love trees. They've always been important to me. My grandfather planted the two box elders in our yard the year that I was born. Folks will tell you box elders are the dandelions of the tree world. They grow too easily and too well. A sugar maple might not be too proud of the box elder in its family tree — a soft skeleton in a hardwood closet. But my birthday trees set a worthy example — simple, sturdy, and unpretentious, they grew into fine shade trees that didn't believe in putting on airs.





There have been other trees in my life. The twisted wild cherry in our Indiana yard — I sketched it in spring and summer and sans leaves in autumn. In that same yard, we planted a “plum sapling” that smirked at our ignorance and grew into an apple tree.

Mention the farm, and I remember the pines — the ones that lined the drive and filled the grove beyond the fields of corn and beans.

A big walnut tree grew near my country garden. “They’re becoming scarce,” my neighbor informed me. “Why don’t you sell it? ’Twould bring a good price.” Then, as if to cinch his

case, “It shades your garden.”

But I make friends with trees. You’d no more sell a friend than you’d neglect one in time of need. That’s why I was anxious that Ralph rescue our locust from whatever insect or disease was attacking it. We took an ailing branch to the county agent, and he prescribed an antidote.

It was an evening in late June while I was working in my vegetable garden that Ralph got out the chemicals and spray equipment, and proceeded to treat our locust.

The last streak of pink was slipping behind the world, and the kids





next door had gone inside when I heard my name being called ever so softly. Turning and looking up from my squash and beans, I saw Ralph's shadowy outline in the dusk. He was standing at the edge of my garden.

"Katy," his tone was plaintive, "come here and tell me you love me."

This was most unusual behavior for my self-sufficient husband. Smiling, either because I felt the trouble couldn't be as dire as his foreboding manner suggested, or because I was afraid it might be, I did as he bade.

"What's the matter?" I tried to sound reassuring.

"I just sprayed the locust. I really doused it, top to bottom."

"And so —?"

"I got hold of the weed killer instead of the insecticide," he said. "I just grabbed the wrong can. How could I have done that?"

"Oh, no!" He's usually so meticulous.

We took two hoses, and from each side we soaked and doused and flooded that tree and kept at it by starlight until the poor thing wept waterfalls.

Nevertheless, within the next few weeks, the leaves browned and fell lifeless to the ground. It was a sad, sick-looking locust. We had high hopes that it would come back the following spring. But no! Only the topmost branches gave any hint of life. The effect was bizarre — a skeleton wearing a feathery tufted toupee of yellow green.

Ralph took as a personal affront

the few allusions I made to the sad tree, so we both sort of looked the other way when we were near it.

A second spring, and the locust looked as peaked as ever. Should we prune the lower branches and leave the little topknot, cut down the tree, or call the county agent one more time?

There it stood, a silent sentinel, a constant reminder of love's labor so misspent. We drove past it going in and out of the yard. Unable to herald the spring, the barren tree nodded feebly at me through my kitchen window.

By midsummer, though, we noticed little snips of green popping out from the lower branches. By late summer the tree had forgiven us our trespasses. Fringed with yellow-green sprigs, its inner clock still needed winding. My calendar said it was almost September; my locust laughed and called it spring.

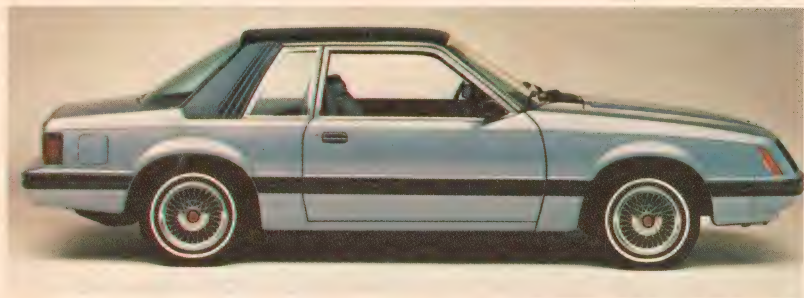
A few years have passed. It's back on schedule now, budding in springtime, flourishing full green foliage in summer, dropping leaves in autumn.

Ultimately, a patient silence had been the only recourse left to us. We could only wait for forgiveness. Sometimes it's like that with people. When you wish so much to relieve a hurt or mend a quarrel . . . occasionally, it just takes time. Those times when you want to say the most, you say the least. That's what I was thinking when I walked through the yard today.

And the locust tree bowed in the wind. □

by Stephanie Marsden

# Get a Money-Saving Packa





# age at Your Ford Dealer's

**I**F YOU'RE SHOPPING for a good car deal (and who isn't these days?), take a look at what your Ford dealer has to offer with money-saving added value packages on selected Mustang, Fairmont and Granada models.

Mustang's packages offer the "tops" in savings. They're available when you order a Mustang with a vinyl, flip-up, "T" or carriage roof.

When you order the vinyl roof *or* flip-up roof packages, which come with color-keyed wraparound molding inserts, personalized color-keyed door monogram, wire wheel covers, dual



Opposite page, top to bottom: Mustang packages are available when you order selected appearance options along with a carriage, vinyl, flip-up or "T" roof (below). Above: A personalized color-keyed door monogram comes with all Mustang packages





remote-control mirrors and pinstripes, the roof is yours at no extra cost. This translates into a discount of \$115 on the suggested retail price for the vinyl roof package, and a savings of \$228 for the flip-up roof package. The vinyl roof package is available on two-door sedans; the flip-up roof package is offered on both two- and three-door sedans.

The "T" roof package — available on two- and three-door sedans — comes with color-keyed wraparound molding inserts, personalized color-keyed door monogram, wire wheel covers and dual remote-control mirrors. The package is offered at a retail savings of \$571.

Mustang's carriage roof package includes color-keyed wraparound molding inserts, personalized color-keyed door monogram, color-keyed turbine wheel covers and dual remote-control mirrors. The package — available on two-door sedans — saves you more than \$400.

Fairmont's "Fresh Look for '81" packages — offered on two- and four-door models — include either a full vinyl roof *or* a special new Tu-Tone

paint and tape treatment, plus flight-bench seat, deluxe wide bodyside molding, dual accent stripes and turbine wheel covers. Both packages are priced at \$81 . . . a savings of \$249 on the vinyl roof package and \$272 on the Tu-Tone treatment.

The package for the Fairmont Futura two-door consists of a special new Tu-Tone treatment *or* a half vinyl roof, plus wire wheel covers, luxury steering wheel, console and flip-up roof. With the vinyl roof, the package is discounted by \$419. With the Tu-Tone treatment, you save \$448. Both packages are priced at \$181.

The Fairmont Wagon package includes a flight-bench seat, deluxe wide bodyside molding, dual accent stripes, turbine wheel covers and a luggage rack. This package is priced at \$81 . . . a discount of \$224.

And with Granada's Value Improvement Package (V.I.P.), if you order power steering on selected Granada models, you get an electric clock, remote-control decklid release, tilt steering wheel and a split bench seat at no extra cost. This translates into discounts of over \$300. □





Opposite page: Fairmont "Fresh Look for '81" package in Tu-Tone. Above: Fairmont Futura package in Tu-Tone. Left: Fairmont Wagon package includes deluxe wide bodyside molding, dual accent stripes, turbine wheel covers and a luggage rack. Below: A Value Improvement Package is available on Granada

*Discounts are based on the manufacturer's suggested retail pricing for the packages as compared with traditional suggested pricing for the options purchased separately.*



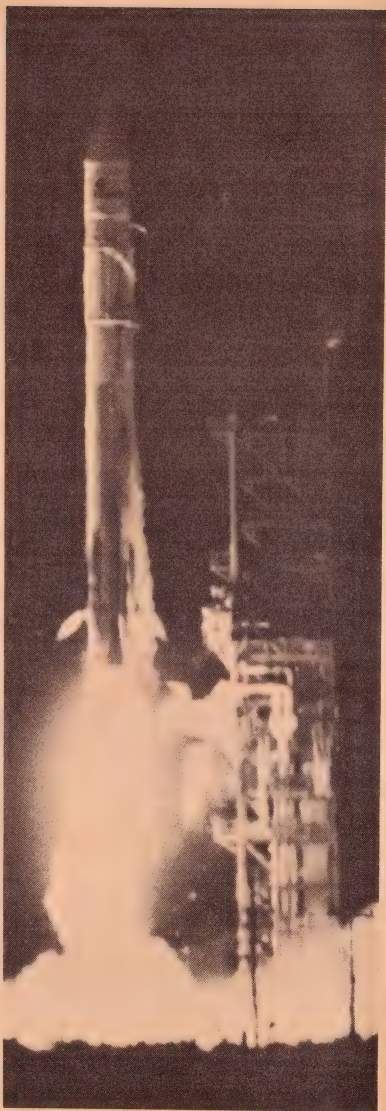
## GLOVE COMPARTMENT

*In which you can find a little  
bit of everything but gloves*

**A Rent-Free Vacation** — One way to vacation for less is to work through the home exchange services. They keep adding to their listings of rent-free vacation spots across the country . . . and across the world. Subscription fees range from \$12 to \$35 and include the cost of directories. Two active services: Vacation Exchange Club, 350 Broadway, New York, New York 10013, and Adventures-in-Living, P. O. Box 278, Winnetka, Illinois 60093.

**Are We There Yet?** — That's the title of a full-color book with more than 50 games for all ages to help pass the time while traveling. It's available for \$2.50 at bookstores or through the publisher: Rand McNally & Company, P. O. Box 7600, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

**Up, Up and Away** — The world's largest and most advanced civil communications satellite, INTELSAT V, was launched at Cape Canaveral, in early December. It is the first of 12 INTELSAT V satellites being designed and built by Ford Aerospace





**& Communications Corporation** to handle the rapidly expanding communications requirements of the 105-nation International Telecommunications Satellite Organization (INTELSAT). The INTELSAT global system carries two-thirds of all international transoceanic communications traffic — television, telephone calls, teletype-writer messages and high-speed data services.

**A Grand Slam Attraction for Diamond Fans** — The National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York, has completed a \$3 million, three-year expansion and renovation program that has doubled its size. Through the magic of electronic technology, you can meet the 173 immortals enshrined there, trace the origin of the game to Cooperstown, and cover every World Series and every All-Star Game. It's open year-round, except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., May through October, and 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., November through April. For a free guidebook to the Hall and other Cooperstown-area attractions, write TOURISM, Box 992, Latham, New York 12110.

**Ford's "Other" Businesses** — "Ford's non-automotive businesses probably include a few surprises . . .," Philip Caldwell, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Ford Motor Company, recently told news media representatives. "For instance, our

Steel Division is the ninth largest steel producer in the United States; the Glass Division is the nation's second largest producer of flat glass and leads in solar glass research and development; Ford's Tractor Operations is the second largest producer of tractors in the world. Our Electrical and Electronics Division leads the industry in electronic engine controls with technology now being considered for use in jet fighter aircraft. Ford also has a Land Development Corporation and a Credit Company involved in financing 747 jets, railroad cars, ships, computers and mining machinery, as well as millions of cars and trucks."

**Edsel Meet in Williamsburg** — The Virginia-Maryland Chapter of the Edsel Owners Club will sponsor the 13th National Edsel Meet in Williamsburg, Virginia, July 30 through August 2. Convention headquarters will be the Holiday Inn 1776, about a block from the restored area along the historic Duke of Gloucester Street. For information about the meet, write J. F. Sledge, P. O. Box 26403, Richmond, Virginia 23260.

**Hilton Head's Free Lunch** — Free Lunch is a newsletter that "tells it the way it is" — beauties and blemishes — for those seeking vacation ideas and information about South Carolina's Hilton Head Island. For a free copy, phone Hilton Head Central Reservations toll-free at 1-800-845-7018. □



photo courtesy of  
Ukrainian Museum, New York City



# Easter Eggs: Their History and Their Mystery

by Lorna J. Sass

WHEREVER EASTER is celebrated, brightly colored eggs are never far away. How did eggs become associated with Easter and why are they decorated? The answers to these questions are somewhat speculative, but folklorists have pieced together legend and lore to come up with an intriguing history of the Easter egg.

Today we take eggs and little chicks very much for granted, but imagine the awe of prehistoric man when he first saw an egg hatch and new life emerge from a seemingly inanimate object. To primitive people, the egg seemed to have magical, life-giving powers, and countless creation myths developed to describe how the universe emerged from a gigantic cosmic egg. Other legends explained how the first man on earth or a particular tribe's founder was born from an egg.

Because of their life-giving properties, eggs naturally became symbols of continuing life.

The peoples of ancient China, Egypt, Greece and Persia incorporated them into their spring and har-

vest festivals, both celebrations of the renewed life evident in nature. As recently as 100 years ago, Estonians ate eggs while plowing and Scots placed an egg at the bottom of their sowing basket to insure a good harvest.

The fragility of eggs (remember Humpty Dumpty?) became associated with the fragility of fortune, and eggs were often used to predict the future. The ancient Romans described a catastrophe with the expression *ovum ruptum est* — the egg is broken. In Germany, to this day, if an egg is smashed accidentally, it means the end of good fortune.

The egg's power to bring forth new life made it appealing to the early Christians as a symbol of Christ's resurrection. In the first years of Christianity, eggs were brought to church to be blessed during the Easter season and were then exchanged as gifts. In Poland, eggs were often painted red, blue and green, a reminder of the legend that Mary decorated eggs with those colors to amuse the infant Jesus.

But the tradition of coloring eggs began long before the Christian era. Because the life-producing activity that took place inside the egg was a

*Pysanky* designs on eggs at the  
Ukrainian Museum in New York City



The egg has fascinated artists, poets and writers throughout the ages. One artist, Ted Striewski, devotes most of his talents to exploring the facets of the egg within the shell. "Most artists are intrigued by the oval shape of the egg," he says. "I love the geometry of the egg yolk against the free form of the white. It is a fantastic design." Striewski, shown below with his egg creations, is an art professor at Oakland Community College in Farmington Hills, Michigan.



photos by Ted Striewski





mystery to early man, he was never certain if a good or evil force would emerge when the egg began to crack. In an attempt to have some control over the outcome, he began to say charms over eggs, paint signs and symbols with positive connotations on them, or dye them bright red, a color he associated with good luck.

Because the methods and fashions of egg decoration developed independently from one country to the next, the final products have always varied noticeably. Originally, there was a strong tradition of dyeing eggs a solid, bright red but gradually techniques evolved for painting intricate geometric designs and diminutive paintings on the eggs, particularly in the Ukraine and in Russia.

In the Ukraine, even the humblest peasant women learned to decorate eggs around Easter time, and almost every family had its own designs and secret methods for making its own dyes. After receiving the Easter blessing, the colorful *pysanky* (as the Ukrainian eggs are called) were prominently displayed in every home as a protection against lightning and fire.

*Pysanky* designs are often geometric, but many include a wide variety of painted symbols. For example, the sun stands for good fortune, a flower for love and charity, and a deer for wealth and prosperity. A wavy line around the egg connotes eternity while a series of dots represents the tears wept by Mary during the agony of Christ.

A great deal of skill and a very steady hand are requisites for making

intricate *pysanky* like those shown on page 38 from the Ukrainian Museum in New York City. Basically, the technique involves drawing the design on the egg with wax. The wax protects the white (or whatever color it covers) when the egg is dipped into dye. After the egg has been completely decorated, the wax is removed by holding the egg over a gas flame. The melting wax is absorbed as a tissue is gently dabbed against the egg. (A kit including instructions, dyes, and tools for making *pysanky* is available for \$7.50 from the Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Avenue, New York City 10003).

The Pennsylvania Dutch have a most unusual way of displaying their brightly colored eggs. Following a tradition brought with them from Germany, they arrange bare branches in a large vase and hang the eggs by string from the branches. According to folklorist Venetia Newall, author of the fascinating study, *An Egg at Easter*, the tradition of making egg trees is practiced as far away as Anchorage, Alaska, where she saw them displayed in a local bank.

Many amusing games are associated with the Easter egg. One game, played all over Europe, involves a hare, the sacred beast of Eastre, the Saxon goddess of spring whose name has probably given us the word Easter. According to tradition, the hare (in our country, a rabbit) hides Easter eggs all around the house and the children must find them. "Finders, keepers" is the order of the day, and the

best sleuth's reward is the greatest number of beautifully decorated eggs.

Another game, probably better known in the United States, is egg-rolling, a custom introduced to this country from the British Isles. In 1879, President and Mrs. Hayes opened the grounds of the White House and instructed participating children that those who could manage to roll the colorful hard-boiled eggs to the bottom of the hill without cracking the shells were the winners and could expect good luck. Since that first egg-rolling contest, the game has been played almost every Easter, and it has been estimated that as many as 100,000 eggs are rolled annually on the White House lawn.

That's a lot of eggs, but the Easter egg tradition is so ancient and rich that there are almost as many legends and customs as there are eggs. So, the next time you are about to crack, boil, or decorate an egg, pause a moment, examine its beautiful shell and perfect shape, and ponder the history and mystery of it all.

Below are two egg recipes appropriate for Easter or spring menus:

## RAGOUT OF EGGS AND MUSHROOMS

This versatile dish makes good use of hard-cooked eggs in several ways. It may be served as an accompaniment to ham or sausages, roast game or other poultry. It may also be thinned with a little cream and served over rice or toast.

*2 tablespoons olive oil*

*2 tablespoons butter*  
*2 shallots, minced, or 2 tablespoons minced onion*  
*1/4 cup minced parsley*  
*1 pound fresh mushrooms, sliced*  
*2 tablespoons flour*  
*2/3 cup dry white wine*  
*Salt and freshly ground pepper*  
*6 hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped*

Heat olive oil and butter. Add shallots or onion and the parsley and cook until soft. Do not brown. Add mushrooms, cover and simmer 10 minutes. Stir in flour and cook 2 minutes. Stir in wine, cover and simmer 5 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper, then stir in eggs and heat through thoroughly. Serve very hot with broiled ham, sausages or roast game. Serves 4 to 6.

## EGG AND SWISS CHEESE RAREBIT

*1/2 pound Swiss cheese, grated*  
*1 tablespoon butter*  
*1 cup hot chicken broth*  
*1 tablespoon grated onion*  
*1 tablespoon chopped parsley*  
*Dash of nutmeg*  
*1/4 teaspoon salt*  
*1/8 teaspoon paprika*  
*4 eggs*

In top of double boiler over hot water melt cheese and butter until smooth. Add chicken broth, onion, parsley, nutmeg, salt and paprika. Beat eggs well, then stir in and cook and stir over boiling water until smooth and thickened. Serve on toasted English muffins or toast. Serves 4. □



*illustrations by Bruce Bond*



Sometimes baseball can look like a game put together by a bunch of 3-year-olds hopped up on laughing gas, says the author

SURE, it's painful to realize that childhood's "what you want to be when you grow up" becomes simply "get a job"; that those Older Girls on the TV shampoo commercials are, by the time you get old enough, too busy washing their hair; that parents, pediatricians, and middle-aged librarians all at some point slip off their respective pedestals.

But even as our simple, ordered childhoods dissolve like ice cream cones in the sun, most of us have a childhood foundation that remains solid and dependable.

For some people it's a longtime friend. For others it could be certain music, or books, or Oreo cookies. For me, it was baseball.

It was the sport I knew first, and so I accepted it unquestioningly, the way

kids do with first grade teachers. Years later I came to realize that my first grade teacher was a young woman who perhaps should have been making her living motivating the Oakland Raiders.

But baseball never rolled off its pedestal. Whether I was playing ball, trading baseball cards, or watching the Red Sox, baseball stayed plain and sensible, while everything else became plain confusing. Subconsciously, but indispensably, baseball was the umbrella protecting me from the harsh climatic changes of life.

True, there are moments when my umbrella seems to have been blown inside out. Sometimes baseball looks like a game that was put together by a bunch of 3-year-olds hopped up on laughing gas.

Consider these revelations about our National Pastime:

First, look at the basics. Compare baseball to the other three big league games. Baseball is the only one that isn't a back-and-forth game. While basketball, hockey and football players have two separate and distinct goals to try for, baseball players on both teams run the same get-back-where-I-started-from route.

What's worse, though, is the players' perverse attitude toward the ball. Everybody's always trying to get rid of it. The pitcher doesn't want it, so he throws it to the catcher, who flings it right back, unless the batter, equally touchy, tries to knock it away from him, even trying to lose it over the fence. In other sports it's a good thing





to have the ball (or puck), and a player will pass it to a teammate only to get closer to scoring.

But not in baseball. "Here's the pitch . . . and it's a ground ball to short. He scoops it up, flips it to second, over to first — double play!" As if that isn't bad enough, then they'll celebrate by tossing it all over the infield. And when a player gets caught in a rundown, you have to wonder what horrible, incurable disease is carried by the ball.

The double play, the tossing it "around the horn," the rundown — these impressed me in my simple, logical youth. Now they look like the antics of a bunch of neurotic jocks.

And then there's the matter of time, that dimension that so orders the rest of the sports (and nonsports) world. In basketball, football and hockey, it's all very clear: There is a clock, and as the clock winds down so does the game, inevitably getting that much closer to its completion.

With baseball, though, it's all very much up in the air. Instead of a clock, an instrument even nonsports fans can understand, baseball times itself with these odd, unreliable things called "innings."

A basketball period is 12 minutes long. A hockey period is 20 minutes. Football quarters last 15. And a baseball inning?

Well, uh, it's three outs. Three outs? How many seconds in an out? Well, that depends. You see, it could be just a few seconds, or minutes, or even half an hour, or more, or . . .

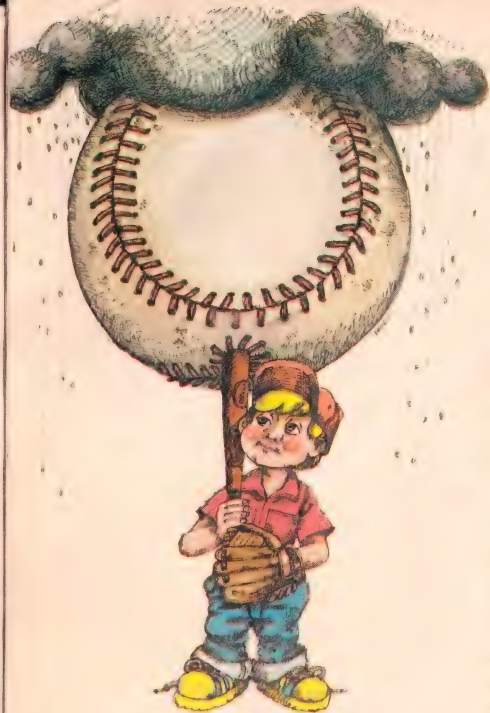
So much for that childhood sense of order and simplicity. And of reliability, which reminds us that baseball is the only game that is routinely postponed by bad weather.

Even before the game starts, things are odd. All that batting practice, as if they hadn't been playing for seven days in a row. And the guys shagging flies, and taking infield, and doing their wind sprints! Everybody's either running or throwing or catching or swinging.

Then comes the game, and except for the pitcher and catcher, most of the players' time on the field is spent waiting: standing, pacing, their hands either on their knees or hanging ape-like to the ground. Maybe they're too tired from all that pre-game activity.

Or maybe they have to save themselves "just in case," because this game is the only one of the Big Four where the players who leave the game can't go back in. So in the typical baseball contest you have as many players in the dugout or the bullpen (strange names, aren't they?) as ever make it onto the field. All resting up





for tomorrow's pregame practice.

Now, too, I wonder why they have a "dugout," this hole in the ground for the athletes. Is it so the screaming foul line drives will miss the players (and bean some fan)? Is it so the fans can't see what's going on in there? (What *is* going on in there?)

Before I leave the players, what about the most peculiar one of all, the pitcher? Talk about special treatment: Can you imagine bringing in the second-string quarterback or basketball center in a fancy golf cart or car, or the hockey goalie getting chauffeured in while the other players have to walk?

Then when the pitcher gets on base, *he* gets a *jacket*. Except in the American League, where they don't even let him hit!

But the strangest thing of all is the pitcher's obsession with personal hygiene, so much so that he values it over team loyalty. What's the first thing he does after being pulled out of a game? After he has given the ball to the manager (reluctantly, as if he had paid for it), and walked off the field (what, no ride?) and moped into the dugout?

What any other dedicated, supportive team player would do — he takes a shower. Why doesn't the pulled goalie run for the soap, or the replaced quarterback, or especially the fouled-out center? Or even the subbed-for catcher? Is this the real reason for the dugout — it hides the players' embarrassing fetishes? (Do second basemen wear "big women" panty hose? Right fielders sing Cole Porter songs to their gloves?)

Or maybe it's social pressure: the partially enclosed dugout, the head-to-toe uniforms, the summer heat. It probably started one humid day long ago at the Polo Grounds. "Hey Mathewson," yelled the second-string shortstop as the great pitcher sat down next to him. "Ya stink. Take a shower." A tradition was born.

And then there's the strange case of the manager. Do you realize that he's the only team field boss who is allowed on the field?

Maybe that's why these grown men, some of them grandfathers, continue to wear those funny uniforms.



(Those socks? Knickers? And that cap — why not a propeller on top?)

This I might be able to accept, if they just gave the guy an appropriate title. But this guy — the only field boss on the field, the only one in a player's uniform — is the only one called not "coach" but "manager." Manager! A manager is someone who sports a jacket, tie and briefcase, pants that reach his shoes, shoes without cleats, and certainly not a cap with an initial or animal picture on it. In Little League, I could have accepted it. But back then the managers wore regular clothes and just the baseball cap. The only ones who really look like "managers" are the umpires.

There you have a diamond full of knickers, double pairs of socks (one pair useless) and silly caps — and the umpires look like four bankers who got lost looking for the men's room.

They sure don't look like officials. They don't wear stripes. They don't have whistles. And for some reason they take an awful lot of backtalk from the players and managers. You don't find that in the other sports. It makes no sense: There they are looking relatively respectable — no silly players' and manager's outfits, no referee's zebra shirts — and yet they are given all the respect of a midget substitute teacher.

As for the fans, they're like kindergartners. Picture this: It's the beginning of the fourth period of the football, hockey or basketball game. Cued by a familiar song, thousands of fans suddenly get up out of their seats.

Some look at each other, a little sheepish. Others spring up with great purpose. A few — either ignorant or rebellious — stay seated. Once standing, some look around, perhaps up at the second-tier seats; others stare straight ahead, their hands in their pockets; and a few, the really eager-to-please ones, extend their arms skyward and exhale a satisfied "Ahhh!"

Can you picture this at one of those other games? I doubt it. And yet it is an accepted part of every big league baseball game: the seventh inning stretch.

So this is baseball, my last link with the simple logic of childhood. A game of rituals, like the stretch, the pregame practice and the pitcher's shower. A game of waiting and waiting just so you can run the same route as everyone else, with preferential treatment for some and no respect for others. And a game where you can't count on anything as far as time is concerned.

Sounds like baseball is as disappointing and senseless as everything else, just a tardy arrival to the world of penny ante jobs, preoccupied sham-poo girls, and empty pedestals.

Except for one thing: Baseball, in its own off-the-left-field-wall way, makes sense. It may be completely crazy, but at least it's complete.

And as long as the rest of the world offers so much ordered nonsense, baseball, with its laughing-gas logic, just might work. Because even inside-out umbrellas are better than nothing. □



# Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy





## THE CRAB TRAP PALMETTO, FLORIDA

House specialties include crab, oysters, shrimp, scallops and fish dishes prepared to your order. And if your taste runs to the exotic, Margaret and Lee Cline can serve up alligator or black tip shark. Don't pass up the crisp green salads with house dressings. The restaurant is noted for its rustic, tropical atmosphere plus friendly and attentive service. Lunch and dinner are served daily. It is on U.S. Highway 19 north of Palmetto and south of the Skyway Bridge.

### CRAB IMPERIAL

- 3 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup milk

- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon Tabasco sauce
- 1 egg, well-beaten
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds back fin-blue crab meat

Melt butter, blend in flour, then add milk and cook, stirring until thick. Cool. Blend in mayonnaise and seasonings. Fold in egg, then gently fold in crab meat. Spoon into individual crab shells or casseroles. Sprinkle with paprika and bake at 400° 10 to 12 minutes or until bubbly. Serves 6.

### CRAB TRAP HOUSE DRESSING

Blend 3 cups mayonnaise with 3 ounces evaporated milk,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons Worcestershire sauce,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons salad oil,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and 3 tablespoons McCormick Salad Supreme (mixed seasonings for tossed salads). Mix well, then stir in 3 chopped hard-cooked eggs. Chill thoroughly. Can be refrigerated for several weeks. Makes about 1 quart.

## HOLIDAY HOUSE AND GARDEN COURT ST. PETER, MINNESOTA

Perched on a bluff overlooking the Minnesota River Valley, this unique restaurant prides itself on generous servings of mid-American foods. A charming setting includes a picturesque Japanese garden. Jim Martell and Ray Schwegman operate this private dinner club with about 14,000 members but welcome guest visits. Opened in 1954 with accommodations for 80 persons, it now seats about 900 for lunch, dinner and Sunday brunch. The closest main highway is U.S. 169 at its junction with Minnesota Route 99.

### BEEF TENDERLOIN A LA STROGANOFF

- 2 pounds beef tenderloin tails

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 4 tablespoons mushroom pieces and stems
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup ( $10\frac{1}{2}$  ounces)
- 1 can beef consommé ( $10\frac{1}{2}$  ounces)
- 1 tablespoon tomato paste
- 2 tablespoons Burgundy wine
- 1 tablespoon sour cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Maggi seasoning
- 2 cups cooked rice or 6 slices toasted French bread

Cut beef into 1/2-inch cubes, then sauté in butter, stirring and browning about 10 minutes. Add onion and mushrooms and sauté 5 minutes, stirring to blend. Add mushroom soup, consommé, tomato paste, wine, sour cream and Maggi seasoning. Simmer about 5 minutes until flavors blend. Thicken as desired with flour and water mixed to a paste. Serve over cooked rice or slices of toasted French bread. If desired, garnish with lightly sautéed sliced onions topped with sour cream. Serves 6.

## GEJA'S CAFE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The congeniality of the fondue pot reaches a new high in communal eating in this friendly wine cellar owned by John Davis. A wide variety of fondues are offered. At 340 West Armitage near Lake Shore Drive, the cafe is open for dinner from 5 to 11 p.m. daily, 5 p.m. to 12 Fridays and Saturdays, and Sundays 4:30 to 10:30 p.m.

### CLASSIC SWISS FONDUE

- 1 garlic clove, halved
- 2 cups dry white wine
- $\frac{1}{2}$  pound Gruyere, coarsely grated
- $\frac{1}{2}$  pound Emmenthaler, coarsely grated
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons kirsch
- Pinch of nutmeg

## THE PICKETT HOUSE WOODVILLE, TEXAS

Family-style dining is Don Crain's idea of hospitality. The restaurant is open year round for lunch and dinner. The specialties are fried chicken, chicken with dumplings, garden-fresh vegetables, fruit cobblers and stone-ground breads and biscuits. It is in an old schoolhouse on the grounds of Heritage Gardens, a collection of old buildings and artifacts of east Texas. The Pickett House is on U.S. 190, two miles west of U.S. 69.

### CHEESE GRITS

- 4 cups water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons bacon drippings
- Pinch garlic powder or juice of 1 garlic clove
- 1 cup stone-ground yellow grits

Pinch of salt, pepper

- 2 loaves crusty French bread, cubed

Rub inside of fondue pot with garlic; discard. Pour in wine and heat until almost boiling. Dredge cheese lightly with flour and add to wine by handfuls, making sure each addition has melted and blended before adding more. When all cheese has been added and the mixture is smooth and thick, stir in the kirsch, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Serve with bread cubes for dunking. Serves 4.

### CHOCOLATE FONDUE

- 6 tablespoons cream
- 3 bars sweet cooking chocolate, 4 ounces each
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons brandy, cognac or Cointreau

Heat cream over low heat in fondue pot. Break chocolate into pieces and add to cream, stirring to make a smooth sauce as chocolate melts. Stir in cinnamon or nutmeg and liqueur. Serve with chunks of fresh fruit or squares of pound cake for dunking. Serves 4.

- 3 ounces Velveeta cheese, chopped
- 1 tablespoon butter

Bring water, salt, bacon drippings and garlic to boiling. Slowly stir in grits, reduce heat and cook 5 minutes or until of desired thickness, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, stir in cheese until melted and blended, then stir in butter. Serves 6.

### CORNBREAD MUFFINS

- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- $1\frac{3}{4}$  cups stone-ground cornmeal
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup buttermilk
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cooking oil

Combine flour, sugar, baking powder, salt and cornmeal. Beat eggs slightly, blend in buttermilk and oil, then stir into dry ingredients until well mixed. Spoon into greased muffin tins and bake at 425° for 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium muffins.





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# The House With No Roof

So what if it rained?  
The author's father had  
a Master Plan

by Michael E. Moon

*illustrations by Neil Boyle*

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FIRST, YOU TAKE a house with no roof. Then you add a rainstorm. Not just any rainstorm, but a mean, nasty, horrible, not-since-the-likes-of-Noah rainstorm.

And what do you have?

Well, the first thing you have is a house in BIG trouble. In addition, you have two hapless workers in big trouble — especially if they just removed the roof.

The two workers — my father and I — were definitely in trouble.

It was the worst rainstorm of the season. The torrent drove mercilessly down, raindrops as big as marbles. Sheets of rain came in waves, so thick I could barely see.

And our house didn't have a roof. Literally. No roof at all.

Inside, the kitchen ceiling was leaking. Mother was searching the closets for an umbrella, and Little Sister was taking shelter under the table. Water ran off the tabletop, and a small pond was forming in front of the refrigerator.

Outside, it was raining canines and felines. The two of us, the Slave Driver and the Slave, were doing what we could. Bravely fighting the wind, we were on top of the house trying to unfurl a giant tarp. He shouted orders, while I quaked in my tennis shoes.

If only we could blame that wind, I thought. A sudden hurricane, violently tearing off the roof and leaving us exposed — a spring tornado, capriciously taking the roof and leaving the house behind — a typhoon, a monsoon, a cyclone — *anything*.

But no. We had met the enemy and he was us. We, ourselves, had removed that roof. Just that morning the Slave Driver and I had gathered our tools — hammers, wrecking-bars, power saws — and proceeded to carefully dismantle everything. In reckless abandon we had thrown the pieces to the ground, forming a circle of thick flotsam around the house. And now we were paying the price.



Have you ever noticed that when you leave your car windows rolled down, it increases the chance of rain? Well, the same thing is true with house roofs. I knew, deep within my 12-year-old bones, that the Slave Driver had caused that storm. Dry weather had been predicted for another six weeks, but he *caused* that storm.

The only thing I couldn't figure out was why. I couldn't see how it fit into his Master Plan.

He always had a Master Plan. And usually it was — well — sort of *masterful*. He believed in the Master Plan. He loved plans and he loved work.

In short, he was a maniac.

He is a big man, and he has always had a simple formula to accomplish any task: "Make a plan — gather the materials — get to work." Simple. He would recite the formula as if demonstrating the proper way to fold a flag.

Unfortunately, he didn't always find it necessary to work by himself. He had a certain flair for administration. And he'd never heard of child labor laws.

That's why he was known as "the Slave Driver." Saturday, in particular, was set aside for slave-driving. My two brothers and I worked virtually every Saturday of our youth. Holidays were also fair game. Hours: long. Wages: zero.

"Builds character," he would say. "Teaches you how to work."

Although he had a regular job, like a normal person, it just wasn't



enough. As State Forester he was responsible for the care and feeding of Montana's state-owned timberlands. Except during the busy forest fire season, which came during the summer's hot weather (foresters do not take summer vacations), his job kept him busy a mere eight to 12 hours a day.

The rest of his time could be devoted to Compulsive Construction.

Our home was in a perpetual state





of remodeling. Add a wing here, put up a garage there. Finish the basement. Construct a fence, move it, tear it down next year, construct a different kind.

He wanted his home to look like a well-run ranger station. He even had a flagpole in front, and little wooden signs telling visitors where the bathroom could be found.

As a result of all this, I spent my precious youth learning about wheelbarrows and shovels and paintbrushes and hammers. And I hated every minute of it.

One time he decided to pour vermiculite along the joists in the attic, to insulate the house. Vermiculite is a coarse, grain-like substance somewhat like little chunks of cardboard. The manufacturer recommended pouring a layer six inches deep. My father poured it 12 inches deep.

No specific reason, exactly. Just "the future."

In fact, I think his obsession with the future was why he succeeded at forestry. "The result of what we do now in the forest," he would assert, "won't be seen for another 100 years."

"I want to make my mark on the future — have the forest outlast me."

Noble sentiments, no doubt, but they were sentiments I seldom shared. In my opinion, that kind of thinking only got us into ridiculous problems like having a house with no roof during a rainstorm.

You see, it happened like this. The Slave Driver had finally run out of room. The ranger station was fin-

ished. The yard was crammed with patios and fences and playhouses and gardens and flagpoles and tool racks. There was nowhere else to build.

So my father, in his logical way, decided to build vertically.

It was simple. We would tear off the roof, extend the walls up another story, replace rafters, build a new roof, put on siding, and paint the whole thing. We would instantly have a two-story, nine-bedroom home.

Life is so simple — just "make a plan, gather the materials, and get to work."

Well, the plan was made. And we'd gathered the materials. And his forest-fire weather personnel said, "It won't rain for six weeks and the forest will get very dry."

So now it was time to do the work.

He began by taking in hand a multipurpose tool known as a "spud." A spud has a long handle like a shovel, with a broad blade on the end like a wide chisel. He grasped the spud and ran it along the bottom row of shingles, popping them off like a string of firecrackers.

Little knots of neighbors appeared, staring up at us.

"What's he doing now?" they asked themselves. "He's crazy," they agreed.

But we knew, of course, what we were doing. The Slave Driver, who was never wrong and who always had a masterful Master Plan, had anticipated all problems.

We finished the job (shingles had been followed by sheeting and rafters)



just in time for the dark clouds to gather. The dry summer heat became suddenly muggy, and the house almost quivered in the heavy air. Without warning, the wind picked up. We knew exactly what was coming.

The drops fell slowly at first, warm and far apart like pennies in a wishing well. But within minutes, we were in a downpour, the air cold and the drops like ice. Sheets of rain were driven almost horizontally, and the street gutter was flowing ankle-deep in water.

The storm was terrifying in its swiftness. Our home's interior was in very real danger of being ruined. After all, we didn't have a roof.

What was the Slave Driver going to do to save the house?

Then, just as suddenly, a second remarkable thing began to happen — right before my eyes.

Vermiculite started soaking up the rain. Each particle acted like a sponge, expanding as it filled with water. As the pieces expanded, they began to rise and pour over the sides of

the house to the ground. It looked like fresh popcorn, tumbling out of an iron caldron.

I watched in awe as the large grains of vermiculite popped out, exposing fresh kernels to catch more water. The process seemed to go on and on. It was as if magic somehow had been evoked.

I simply couldn't believe it. That dumb vermiculite was saving our house!

As if *carefully planned*, there was just enough vermiculite to handle the rain. Although we suffered damage, especially in the kitchen, for the most part the vermiculite had saved our house.

"For the future," my father had said so long ago.

Was this all part of the Master Plan? I mean, plans are fine — but *this*? Controlling the weather? Planning years in advance?

The next day, we were sitting in the kitchen, eating turkey sandwiches.

"We got enough rain yesterday," father said, "to hold the fire season down for another month. That'll give me enough time away from the woods to finish the walls upstairs and get the new roof on."

So that was it!

He had taken the roof off to cause the rainstorm, which would dampen the fire danger in the forest. At the same time, he was relying on the vermiculite, which he had to remove anyway, to save the house.

Now *that's* a Master Plan! □



# Listen to the Mockingbird

Once found primarily in Dixie,  
this cheerful virtuoso is now delighting  
audiences throughout the continental  
United States

*illustrations by Alan E. Cober*

by Lee Lorick Prina



TEN YEARS AGO, a Connecticut Yankee never would have imagined that he would one day hear a mockingbird's impassioned song on warm spring evenings. Yet, today the mockingbird is prevalent throughout New England.

Wildlife experts say there are several compelling reasons why this pewter-colored, white-breasted bird now thrives far beyond the confines of Dixie. In any event, as a garden bird, it is of interest around more and more homes from Maine to California. It can be found in the Fruit Belt of the Great Lakes, in South Dakota, southern Ontario and south to the Gulf of Mexico.

"About the turn of the century, for some reason, there was a movement northward," said Chandler S. Robins, a bird census-taker at the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center in Maryland. "Mockingbirds were noticed in Maryland and Washington, D.C., where they were never found previously."

This initial northern migration was given momentum, the naturalist believes, because of a particular circumstance. About that time, farmers began to plant multiflora rose hedges, or "living fences," instead of constructing the customary barbed wire enclosures on farmland. These rose hedges, he said, provided the mockers with excellent cover in cold weather and a winter food supply of rose hips.

Beginning in the 1940s, multiflora rose shrubbery planted as barriers on the medians of interstate highways

enticed southern mockingbirds northward. Incredibly, they ranged throughout the Northeast within just eight years (1970-1978), according to Richard M. Degraaf, an Agriculture Department wildlife research biologist.

"Ten years ago, when I taught a course in ornithology at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst," Degraaf recalled, "mockingbirds were so rare I could seldom find one to show the class on field trips. Today, the mocker is a common bird not only in Massachusetts, but also in Connecticut and Rhode Island."

During the severe winters of 1976 and 1977, the populations of many seed-eating birds were badly depleted because the normal food supply was under the ice for months. However, Robins and other naturalists think those "ice age winters" may have favored the mockingbird, which lives on berries.

Even persons usually unconscious of birds become aware of a mockingbird's presence. During the mating season, the mocker's serenade goes on for hours, both day and night. It is one of the few birds that sing in autumn.

Moreover, many naturalists rank this marvelous American songbird as the master singer of the whole avian world:

"He is the king of song . . . He equals the whole feathered choir . . ." exclaimed Edward Howe Forbush in a paper entitled *Birds of Massachusetts*. John Burroughs called the mockingbird "the lark and the nightingale in one." Describing the won-



ders of the mockingbird, John Kieran declared: "It can sing its own song or the song of any bird it hears. It sings by sunlight or moonlight. It can give a concert from a perch like a tenor singing from a stage . . ."

Somehow, a mockingbird singing in a moonlit magnolia signifies the romance of the Old South. Indeed, almost 250 years ago in the low country of South Carolina, the Colonial naturalist Mark Catesby first scientifically observed this slim, gray bird with white-edged wings and tail.

The Indians told Catesby they called the bird Cencontlatolly, or 400 tongues. The mockingbird's zoological name later became *Mimus polyglottos*, meaning "many-tongued mimic."

In fact, a mocker studied at Boston's Arnold Arboretum reproduced 39 bird songs, 50 bird calls and the sounds of a frog and a cricket. A California ornithologist heard another remarkable singer change his tune 87 times in seven minutes — all repeated several times. Near Chester, South Carolina, it is recorded that in 10 minutes a mockingbird gave calls similar to those of 32 different birds.

In all likelihood, the mockingbird is probably more common now than when the first Europeans came to America. Its original habitat was forest clearings and wood edges. Today, its favorite home includes a lawn on which to hop and pick at insects, berried shrubs in which to feed and nest, and, of course, a tree or two from which to sing.



In truth, this drably dressed bird, a little longer than a robin, has adapted beautifully to modern man and his surroundings. It has become an ideal suburban songster. And it almost seems that this garden bird likes to attract the attention of its human neighbors.

Often the mockingbird chooses to sing from a high perch such as a chimney or TV aerial. It may vault into the air, turn a somersault and return while still agitatedly singing. If it perches on a chimney, its fervid melody is broadcast downward, out the fireplaces and through the house.

On the ground, the mockingbird is equally vivacious. It stands high on slender legs, its long white-edged tail flipped up as it hops and runs along the ground. With their gray backs and whitish breasts, male and female look alike, though the female is slightly smaller.

The mockingbird has been called a clown. It may tease a dog or cat by its mimicry, or mock a bewildered squirrel. It likes to play. Suddenly, it may

flutter straight up with legs dangling and wings flopping as if it had momentarily forgotten the rules of aerodynamics — and then carelessly turn a cartwheel in midair.

The assertive mockers are impossible to ignore during the mating season in May and June. At that time, they become the ardent serenaders of their chosen mates.

"Every day they sang for hours on end and sometimes through long stretches of the night," observed Alden H. Miller, an ornithologist, of the mockingbirds in his yard.

"What a vocalist!" exclaimed another listener. "Song wells up from him as from a fountain. It jets in spurts of silver and gold . . ."

But to someone trying to sleep on a succession of moonlit nights amid this unceasing concert, the mockingbird's ecstatic song becomes almost unbearable.

There are many astonishing reports of this feathered singer's extraordinary talent for mimicry. One mocker listened to a record player on the lawn and then repeated what he heard the next day and even a week later. Some have been heard to echo a dog's bark, the whistle of a man calling his dog, or even a rusty gate hinge.

As for mimicking other winged creatures: If living near the coast, the mockingbird will imitate shore birds. A mocker in Maryland repeated the call of the saw-whet owl, and always at dawn or dusk when the owl ordinarily hoots. An ornithologist heard a mockingbird simulate the sound of an





indigo bunting which had migrated to South America for the winter, two months previously.

In fact, two researchers in Ohio discovered that the mocker produced other bird calls so exactly that only electronic analysis could tell the differences in rhythm, loudness and pitch.

Why does the mockingbird imitate, or mock, other birds? Ornithologists like Miller think such a continuous singer borrows songs to have something to sing. But despite marvelous mimicry, Miller says the mocker actually originates 90 percent of its phrases.

There are other special characteristics of this feathered virtuoso. Each phrase or theme is repeated three to six times. The range in pitch exceeds an octave, and often ranges to nearly two octaves. Furthermore, the songs of individual mockers are never quite the same twice.

Unquestionably, the species has a strong sense of territory. Melville Bell Grosvenor, former editor of the *National Geographic*, tells of rescuing a mockingbird three times from a fray in which he was trying to protect his terrain from another mocker.

However, not all mockingbirds habitually fight. According to one ornithologist, sometimes (as among human beings) one simply encounters a very possessive bird.

Since they don't eat seeds, mockers do not compete with other members of the feathered flock at feeders, unless raisins, sliced apples or nut meats are

also offered. Water to drink and bathe in will attract them.

Like the nightingale of Europe, this remarkable American bird has been honored by storytellers and songwriters. Five states (Tennessee, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas) have named it their state bird. Now that it is found throughout more of our land, here's hoping that the mockingbird will continue to multiply and fill the air with its melodies. □



# Back Home Again in Riley Land



James Whitcomb Riley's boyhood home in Greenfield, Indiana

Where you can conjure  
up visions of Little  
Orphant Annie,  
'Lizabuth Ann and  
the Raggedy Man

by Marti Roynon

THERE IS a kinship among children that overcomes generation gaps. Today's sophisticated youngsters, brought up on television and computerized games, can discover fresh delights in the simple, natural life described in James Whitcomb Riley's poems of childhood, written nearly a hundred years ago.



A visit to the Hoosier poet's boyhood home in Greenfield, Indiana, (about 17 miles east of Indianapolis on U.S. 40) conjures up visions of Little Orphant Annie, 'Lizabuth Ann and the Raggedy Man. Rooms were added to the unpretentious white frame house to accommodate a family of six children — plus Little Orphant Anne, who was given a home here. She used to "wash the cups and saucers up and brush the crumbs away," and she entertained the small children with her stories, warning them to behave "Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out!"

Goblins may still be lurking in the house to give young visitors a thrill as they peer into a dark cubbyhole off the dining room or cautiously stick their heads through a tiny door leading into the spooky rafter-room upstairs. Little Orphant Annie slept on a pallet in a tiny cubicle at the top of the back stairs. A treasured doll and playthings are still there.

Young James Riley played several musical instruments, and a guitar and banjo rest on his bed in the narrow room he shared with his older brother John. In the front bedroom used by his parents, the old trundle bed where he slept as a very small child can be seen beneath the high four-poster bed.

Back in the 1850s when Riley was a little boy, the Raggedy Man "who works fer Pa" came to the house every day to water and feed the horses, split the kindling, and chop wood for the fireplace and cast-iron stoves. From him, little Jim heard about

"Giunts an' Griffuns an' Elves an' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers the'r-selves!" At night the Raggedy Man sometimes courted the "hired girl," 'Lizabuth Ann, who baked delicious custard pies in the low oven of the old cookstove.

Life moved at a slower pace in those horse-and-buggy days, but for Riley it was never dull. Autumn was a merry time of colorful harvests, making cider and apple butter — "when the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

Winter was a time for storytelling around the fireplace, tales about pixies and fairies and Grandfather Squeers — so remarkably deaf . . .

*That he had to wear lightning rods  
over his ears*

*To even hear thunder — and often-  
times then*

*He was forced to request it to thunder  
again.*

Spring was a time of sudden showers when "barefoot boys scud up the street or skurry under sheltering sheds." According to Riley,

*The Old Hay-mow's the place to play  
Fer boys when it's a rainy day!*

Best of all were the lazy days of summer:

*'Long about knee-deep in June . . .  
Under some old apple tree,  
Jes' a-restin' through and through,  
I could git along without  
Nothin' else at all to do . . .*

Riley's father was a country lawyer, but young James found studying Blackstone unbearable. He had more fun traveling briefly with a medicine

show. Later he edited a small-town paper. After it folded, he eventually joined the staff of the Indianapolis *Journal* where he was encouraged to publish his first book: "*The Old Swimmin'-Hole*" and '*Leven More Poems*, written in Hoosier dialect. His poems, flavored with humor and gentle memories, became so popular that he was induced to read them on the lecture circuit in company with celebrities like Mark Twain and Bill Nye.

James Whitcomb Riley never married, but he retained his love of children. For 23 years he lived as a contented "paying guest" with his close friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holstein, who owned a handsome brick house at 528 Lockerbie Street, a five-minute walk from the downtown business district in Indianapolis.

His last birthday, October 7, 1915, was celebrated nationally as Riley Day. At the suggestion of the Secretary of the Interior, one of Riley's poems was read in each schoolroom across the United States. Thousands of letters and gifts from children poured into the house on Lockerbie Street.

Today, that charming house, preserved by the James Whitcomb Riley Association since the poet's death, has not been changed and is a museum open to the public for a small fee. It is elegantly but comfortably furnished. In the library, Riley's favorite room, are his easy chair and his personal books. His guitar is in the drawing room, which also contains an electric piano — an amusing novelty of his

day, and the only one of the 10 originally manufactured that is still in existence.

His bedroom appears ready for his return, with his clothing still in the closet and his beaver hat on the bed. A painting of his beloved poodle hangs over the fireplace. His pen is waiting on his writing desk, and his favorite pipe is close at hand. A wicker invalid's chair bears sad witness to failing health in his final days. He died here on July 22, 1916.

The Victorian home on Lockerbie Street, now a National Historic Landmark, has become the focal point for restoration of the historic district known as Lockerbie Square, a highly desirable place to live. Riley himself summed it up:

*Such a dear little street it is, nestled  
away*

*From the noise of the city and heat of  
the day,*

*In cool shady coverts of whispering  
trees,*

*With their leaves lifted up to shake  
hands with the breeze*

*Which in all its wide wanderings never  
may meet*

*With a resting-place fairer than Lock-  
erbie Street!* □

*Editor's note: The Riley home in Indianapolis is open Tuesday through Saturday 10 to 4; Sunday noon to 4; closed major holidays. Riley's boyhood home in Greenfield is open daily May through October, Sunday only in April. Admission to each house: adults, \$1; children, 25 cents.*



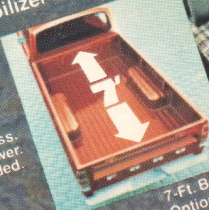
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